TABERNACLE SERVICES.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S DIS-COURSE LAST SUNDAY MORNING.

The Three Greatest Things to Do-Almost Every Man and Woman Is Some Time Near Demolition-Opportunities for Ex-

BROOKLYN, Oct. 7 .- Although no building has been large enough to hold the audiences attracted by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., in any part of this country or Great Britain for the last twenty years, the throngs in and around the immense audience room of Brooklyn Tabernacle seem to be increasing as the years go by. The opening hymns this morning were beartily sung by the congregation. Dr. Talmage chose for his sub-ject "The Three Greatest Things to Do." His text was Daniel xi, 32, "The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." Following is the sermon:

Antiochus Epiphanes came down three times with his army to desolate the Jews, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry troops, and were driven back. Then the second time he advanced with seventy thousand armed men and had been again defeated, But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman embassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Jews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and did die for it, and others, as my text says, were enabled to do exploits.

An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement, "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of a humdrum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight I also could do exploits." You are right so far as great wars are con-There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war. Gen. Grant would have remained in the useful work of tanning hides at Galena, and Stonewall Jackson would have continued the quiet college professor in Virginia. And whatever military talents you have will probably lie dormant forever. Neither will you become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and nine-nine cut of every two thousand inventions found in the patent office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of a bundred that achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show you today that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far reaching, stupendous and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or

During the course of his life almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domessic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in court rooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate. Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were anold offender, let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him because he cannot afford a considerable fee, let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, burry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years ho will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interreguums of prison life he can get no work, and he is glad to break a window glass, or blow up a safe, or play the highwayman, so as to get back again within the walls where he can get something to cat and hide himself from the cruel gaze of the world. Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him! She is dead. Where are all the amelioorating and salutary influences of society! They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind? Why did not the district attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence, and you will apologize and make all the reparation you can, and I will give you another chance." Or that young man is prosented in the court room and he has no friends present, and the judge says: "Who is your counsel?" And he answers: "I have none." And the judge says: "Who will take this young man's case?" And there is a dead halt and no one offers, and after a while the judge turns to some attorney who never had a good case in all his life and never will, and whose advocacy will be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helplessness to rescue despair, when there ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate. How much would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars, but much every way in a happy consciousness that would make his own life brighter and his own dying pillow sweeter and his own heaven happier- the consciousness that he had saved a man!

So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say: "It seems we are going to have no spring, and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather, and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing, which is a compromise between summer and winter, is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some oversanguine young merchant is caught with a vast

amount of unsalable goods that never will be salable again except at prices rainously reduced. That young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. What shall the old merchants do as they see that young man in this awful crisis? Rub their hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better. When he has been in business as long as we have, he will not load his shelves in that way. Ha! Ha; He will burst up before long. He had no business to open his store so near to ours anyhow." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out of the fashion spring overcoats and spring bats or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars." "Absurd, I cannot take that bid of four dollars apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at fifteen dollars each, and now I am offered only four dollars. Is that allf Five dollars do I hear? Going at that! Gone at five dollars," and he takes the whole lot. The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piane. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and be will have it rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poorhouse." The young man, broken spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife, with her baby, goes to her father's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals and his prospects for two worlds, this and the next, devils make a banquet of fire and fil their cups of gall and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed up the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. That is one way, and some of you have tried it,

But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter feeling very blue and biting his finger nails, or looking over his account books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinks how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third rate boarding house where they have tough liver and sour brend five mornings out of the seven, An old merchant comes in and says, "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan comething about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good morning!" The old merchant goes away the young man goes behind his desk and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits rise from ten below zero to eighty in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis. And about three years after this young merchant goes into the old mer chant's store and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial his-tory. I learned wisdom and prosperity has come, and the pallor has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to you know that you saved a manf' In a short time after, the old merchant, who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm, about "The Lord is my Shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dweiling cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending. And the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven unite in crying down to this ap-proaching spirit of the old man: "Come in at any of the twelve gates you choose! Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial neighborhoods that you saved

a man." There cometimes come exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning about two years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York whose pocketwook, containing \$37.33, had been stolen and she had been left without a farthing at the beginning of winter in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamppost on our corner without carrying the \$37 33; and the case was proved genuine. Now I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies and all Victor Hugo's tragedies and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never rend a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities; young women without money and without home and without work in these great maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? "Get out of my way; we have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway; they are a lazy, idie, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door." Or do you compliment her personal appearance, and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the That is one way, and it is tried every day in these large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories

have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell. But there is another way, and I saw it the other day in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, where a young woman applied for work and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do." The embarrassed and humiliated woman seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have wen for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentleman taved a woman. New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and scoffed at and flung off the precipice, not one but might have been saved for home and God and heaven. But good men and good women are not in that lind of business. Alas for that poer

thing! nothing but the thread of that sewing girl's needle held her, and the thread broke. I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is, but what is a woman! Until some one shall give a better definition I will tell you what a woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift with affectious so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound, Fashioned to refine and scothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world. Of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or who in some great crisis of life when all else failed him, had a wife to re-enforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb. Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me to define what woman is. If a man during all his life accomplish nothing else except to win the love and confidence and help and companionship of a good woman, he is the garlanded victor and ought to have the hands of all people between here and the grave stretched out to him in congratulation.

But as geographers tell us that the depths of the sea correspond with the heights of the mountains, I have to tell you that good womanhood is not higher up that bad woman-hood is deep down. The grander the palace, the more awful the conflagration that destroys it. The grander the steamer Oregon, the more terrible her going down just off the coast. Now 1 should not wonder if you trembled a little with a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may in your case be help, or by trying to bring to bear some one of a thousand Christian influences. You would not have far to go. If, for instance, you know among your acquaintances a young woman who is apt to appear on the streets about the hour when gentlemen return from business, and you find her responding to the smile of entire strangers, hogs that lift their hats, go to her and plainly tell her that nearly all the destroyed womanhood of the world began the downward path with

that very kind of behavior. Or if, for instance, you find a woman in financial distress and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, doing that very important and honorable work, but which is little appreciated, keeping a boarding house, where all the guests, according as they pay small board, or propose, without paying any board at all, to decamp, are critical of everything and hard to please, busy yourselves in trying to get her more patrons and tell her of divine sympa-Yea, if you see a woman favored of fortune and with all kindly surroundings finding in the hollow flatteries of the world her chief regalement, living for herself and for time as if there were no eternity, strive to bring her into the kingdom of God, as did the other day a Sabbath school teacher who was the means of the conversion the daughter of a man of immense wealth, and the daughter resolved to join the church, and she went home and said: "Father, I am going to join the church and I want you to come," "Oh, no," he said, "I never my to come." "Oh, no," he said, "I never go to church." "Well," said the daughter, "if I were going to be married would you not go to see me married?' And he said: "Oh, yes." "Well," said she, "this is of more importance than that." So be went, and has gone ever since, and loves to go. I do not know but that faithful Sabbath school teacher not only saved a woman but saved a man. There may be in this audience gathered from all parts of the world, the most cosmopolitan assembly in all the earth. there may be a man whose behavior toward womanhood has been perfidious. Repent! Stand up, thou masterpieco of sin and death, that I may charge you! As far as possible, make reparation. Do not boast that you have her in your power and that she cannot help herself. When that fine collar and cravat and that elegant suit of clothes comes off and your uncovered soul stands in judg-

if you save that woman. There is another exploit that you can do, and that is to save a child. A child does not year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it car not speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its eninions on any subject are absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My! what lots of children! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awaka nights crying. Well, your esti-mate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give! She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and bureau and put them down. And if told that that was not enough, sho would take her house and make over tho deed for it, and if that were not enough sho would call in all her investments and put down all her mortgages and bonds; and if told that were not enough she would say: "I have made over all my property, and if I can have that child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of hard work, and live in a cellar and die in a garret. Only give me back that lost 'darling." I am glad that there are those who know something of the value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk! Toward what destiny will that never dying soul botake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction! Come fall ye surveyors of the earth, and bring link and chain and measure if you can its possible possessions. Come, all ye astronomers of the earth, with your telescopes and tell us if you can see the range of its eternal flight. Come, all ye chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries] on centuries, the cycles on cycles, the eter-nities on eternities of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits! Yea, it beats the other two, for if you save the child you save the man or you save the woman. Get the first twenty years of that boy or girl all right and I guess you have got manhood or womanhood all right, and their entire earthly and eternal career all right. But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their father or motifer had died the day they were born! There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inchristy or first greeting they get from the world is to

often asked. There is another question que as pertinent, and that is, what are they go to do with us! They will, ten er cleve. years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as pure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you! I will. Take a cake of perfumed soap and a fine toothed comb and a New Testament and a little candy and prayer and a piece of cake and faith in God and common sense, and begin this afternoon.

But how shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." We must know him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation and then we shall have his help in the salvation of others. And while you are say ing strangers you may save some of your own You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till life is dead. On the English coast there was a wild storm and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was, "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailors' crew, was not to be found, and they went without him and brought back air the shipwrecked people except one. By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said: "Why did you leave that one?" Theanswer was: "He could not belp himself at all, and we could not get him into the bont." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one," "No," said his aged mother standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago and I have not heard word from Will since he left, and I don't know where he is, and I don't know what has happened to him, poor Will, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was; "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost God will take care of you in your old days." The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry, just before he fainted from over exertion, cried out: "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity-some rane, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is ship wrecked and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead!

NOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Cincinnati has a women's press club, a women's paper and a women's suffrage club. The earliest form of mammalian teeth, those of the triconodents, are derived from

simple conical reptilian teeth. Mails now leave London daily direct for Constantinople by the new international railway route from Paris to that city.

The college hat, or mortar board, is becoming fashionable for street wear by London women. Leather belts of great size and coerseness, with steel buckles, are also show-

A school of 10,000 porpoises was recently seen in the ocean near San Diego, Cal. In the more enterprising east they would have been made to do duty as a sea serpent. "The immovable boy" is the latest device

to attract notice to a shop. He stands out-

side the door without moving a muscle,

winking or smiling. He is so noticeable by his impassiveness that one naturally inspecta everything that he wears. Kansas City is steadily losing her claim to second place as a pork packing center. As

compared with last season, that city so far this year shows a falling off in its packing ment and before God, you will be better off of 230,000. Omaha, on the contrary, is gradunlly pushing her way to the fore. The railway department in Switzerland

has issued an order compelling all engines seem to amount to much. It is nearly a traveling more than forty-five kilometers per hour to use a speed indicator, which must mark correctly the indications of speed. A good market is open to whoever can furnish the best article.

The London railways have just discovere a trick which their patrons have practiced for a long time. A man would buy a num-ber of third class tickets and one second class ticket. The latter he would show to the inspector on the train, and one of the former he would give up at the exit.

The costliest house in Washington is the Worden mansion, the millionaire owner of which has made a large fortune in Washington real estate. It is of white stone, and looks like a Venetian palace, with a handsome tower and a spacious court yard. It is finely furnished, and the walls are hung with beautiful pictures.

Philadelphia is said to be more overcrowded with lawyers than any other city in the country. This state of affairs resulted in the judges, a few weeks ago, raising the course of study for students from two to three years. It is thought that this will raise the standard of excellence and diminish the arnual crop of attorneys.

Americans on the Pacific slope will have a regular Baden Baden. This new gambling resort will be just across the Mexican border line, on the ocean. The Mexican government has granted a tract of land for the purpose, and everything will be elegantly fitted up in the highest style of art, and games of chance of every kind will be conducted.

In the Philippine village of Antique the only white men were a priest and a Spanish planter. One day the native inhabitants decided to kill the priest and attacked his house. The planter took a rifle and fifty cartridges and went to the priest's defense. He used up all his cartridges and made every one kill a man. Then the natives, terror stricken at the slaughter, fled, leaving their fifty dead on the ground.

The marriage laws of Pennsylvania, act of June 23, 1885, permit parties to a proposed marriage to appear before the probate court, receive a license, after submitting to a pre scribed examination, and then to sign and have recorded papers which constitute a marriage contract as fully and irrevocably as if a magistrate or minister had solemnized the union. The first reported marriage under this law took place a few days since at Wilkesbarre.

Odd Funcies in Frames.

Odd styles in picture frames are made for the western taste. A panel of Landseer's dogs framed in oak for the hall has a whip trailing its length across the top of the wood, and a silver chain and padlock fastened from corner to corner below. Cooman's "Laughdissoluteness of their parents, they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in As framed and exhibited a recent copy the middle of the Atlantic ocean in an equi- carries out the idea by commeling the wood, noctial gale and told to make for shore. The picking it out in silver and gold, and making it apparently a continuation of the damsel's os called a brat or a ragamuffin or a wharf | laco cushion. - Chicago Herald.

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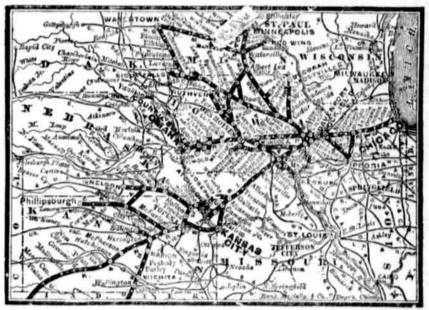
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